

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1813.

[NO. 30.]

FITZALBERT AND OLIVIA.

(Concluded from our last.)

FOR several weeks Fitzalbert's recovery was doubtful, and several more elapsed ere he was able to venture out an airing in his carriage. During all this period he was closely attended by Sir Charles Manley, and to his attentions he owed an incalculable debt of gratitude. During this time also, he had received innumerable letters from Olivia, petitioning to be permitted to visit him; but aware of the power she had once held over his senses, and firmly resolved never to admit her again to his affection, he steadily refused to comply with her request; and when able to endure the fatigue of travelling, he repaired to Bath, accompanied by the baronet, from whence, after making use of the waters for a part of the season, and deriving considerable benefit from them, he set off upon a tour to Scotland and the Hebrides, hoping amidst new scenes and objects to bury in oblivion the remembrance of his misfortunes, and the recollection of the thoughtless mortal who gave rise to his affliction.

Still generous and kind, even in the midst of what she termed his cruelty, Fitzalbert, ere his departure, executed a deed, securing to Olivia during life, an annuity of one thousand pounds per annum, and her choice of a residence at either of his estates in the north, or in the west of England; thus liberally enabling her to pass the remainder of her days in easy independence, though inflexible in his resolution never to receive her into favour; for he dreaded the contempt of the world, and feared too, the corroding pangs of jealousy, that fiend which, if once admitted to the bosom seldom fails to destroy every satisfaction, and precludes every species of enjoyment to all who are nearly connected with its victim.

"I am confident," said he, in the last letter he addressed to Olivia, in reply to her earnest entreaties to be admitted to his presence, "your own heart sufficiently condemns the levity of your behaviour, the disregard you manifested for the preservation of your reputation, and the indifference you evinced for the happiness of your husband. To attempt a farther justification of your conduct would be unnecessary, for no vindication of it can be admitted, no argument produced to palliate errors, whose consequences were obvious to every person. Had you had folly to plead in excuse for your imprudence, that might have been a stronger plea in your favor; but your understanding is not a bad one, though it is too frequently obscured by the clouds of vanity, to allow your acting with judgment or discretion."

"That you are really free from intentional criminality, after your solemn asseverations to that effect, I cannot doubt; but the consciousness of innocence is not sufficient to clear your fame, and wipe away the stain you have cast upon the honor of your husband, which must become yet greater were he to receive again

to his bosom a wife, whom the world does, and doubtless ever will, believe, has basely and ungratefully requited his affection. The world is not ignorant of all that has passed, nor has the tale been circulated according to the truth; on the contrary, it has received every hideous colour malice and calumny could invent; and that vile malignant wretch, who glories in your ruin, has widely spread abroad reports of the most infamous and destructive nature; reports which even your friends cannot venture to contradict, or expect to silence; for they long saw your imprudence, and prognosticated the issue of your indiscretions; while your merits were overlooked, and your good qualities suffered to pass unnoticed and unregarded.—Such is the way of the world, and your case is by no means singular: the unfortunate find few friends, and the imprudent rarely any. Farewell then, once most beloved of women; I cannot yield to your entreaties, and however you may condemn me as unfeeling and cruel, I may regret your displeasure, but cannot submit to become contemptible, as well as wretched."

When Olivia read Fitzalbert's last epistle, and learned he had actually quitted the park, she was overwhelmed with anguish, and tortured by a sense of shame and contrition: she hastened to bury herself in retirement; and in one of the most secluded vallies to be found amongst the wilds of Cumberland, she pined away existence during six years of hopeless, joyless, melancholy sadness: perceiving her imprudence in its full force, when it was too late to retrieve her errors, she felt conviction that it is not enough to be virtuous, but also necessary to possess the appearance of that inestimable quality; for neither fashionable notoriety, nor eccentricity, will ever serve to render a female happy or respectable; so true it is that

"Tears vainly flow from errors learnt too late,
When timely caution should prevent our fate."

The welcome hand of death, at length, for ever closed the once bright, sparkling eyes of Olivia, who hailed the approach with gladness, and resigned herself to the consequence of follies she had not been early taught to avoid, nor for a season fancied she could be wrong in pursuing.

Of Fitzalbert it only remains to add, that notwithstanding his endeavors to banish Olivia from his memory, there were moments when the recollection of her loveliness, and the softness of his nature, prompted him to restore her to her former situation, but the apprehensions he entertained of the "world's dread laugh;" withheld him from his purpose; and he continued to pursue a desultory life till some time after her decease, when he again entered the pale of wedlock with a lady, who, though far inferior to Olivia in personal attractions, was greatly her superior in mental perfections and correctness of behaviour: with her he passed the residue of life in the enjoyments of domestic harmony and comfort. Three lovely children added to their mutual happi-

ness; and he had the gratification of beholding his truly amiable partner, the object of regard and respect, to all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

Of Colonel Herbert nothing can be said, but that he died, as he had lived, a profligate and sinner; while Mrs. Musgrave, after some years passed in the same career of licentiousness, terminated her worthless existence in poverty and obscurity; deserted by her acquaintance, deprived of the means of supporting her former splendour, by the neglect of her male associates; shunned by the good and respectable part of mankind, and despised even by those who had been her companions in iniquity: becoming, as she justly merited,

"A proverb of reproach, a tale, a word,
For ribbald scorn to mock at."

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

ARCH. TILLOTSON.

THE Being distinguished by the title of a Man of the World, differs very much from a truly wise man. The first has a general extensive knowledge, it is true; but the acquirement is but a dangerous experience, since he selects only, from the observations that he makes, a poison which he spreads among his fellow-creatures wherever he goes, and of which he sips largely himself whenever he presents the cup to others. Such a man, to obtain the advantages of fortune, abandons every noble sentiment of his youth, and treats as romantic every pure principle of virtue; like the intriguing Statesman, he studies all the maxims of crooked policy, and maintains that it is necessary to his success in life, that he should cheat and deceive his neighbours; the arts of flattery, hypocrisy, and dissimulation, constitute his stock in trade; and he builds his future hopes in proportion to the extent of his capital.

The experience of a truly wise man, on the other hand, is a talisman, or magic ring, which preserves him from the enchantments of Error and Temptation, but is never used to impose upon others: he is "wise as a serpent, and harmless as a dove."

Were it easy to detect the man of the world, his power of doing mischief would be at an end; but, as he constantly wears the vizor best suited to his purpose, he still passes in the crowd, with other dominos, in the great masquerade of life.

It is, indeed, extremely difficult to discover the true sentiments and character of a man of the world: the lines of his face, blended and moulded to every circumstance and occasion, placid under vexation, and wearing even a smile under contempt or reproof, disturb the rules of physiognomy; modest, complacent, apparently ingenuous, and unstudied in every

thing; flattering with the language of sincerity, and deceiving with all the eloquence of truth.

How much more difficult it is to guard against the insidious views of the man of the world, when we meet him possessed of the advantages of figure, education, and of all the agreeable accomplishments of a Gentleman! Such a man is a first-rate actor in life; he is well acquainted with the stage, and makes his appearance accordingly; he *studies* the part; he even *dresses* for the scene, and is an adept at what is called *by-play*; he needs no prompter, but makes his *debut* with confidence of success: but he always appears to play second to the man he would deceive; he approaches him with courtesy; he listens to him with polite attention: he submits to his judgment with deference; and, conscious of his own powers, flatters, proposes, suggests, and flatters again and again, till he gains his point: such a man misses no opportunity that he thinks he can improve; he turns the most trifling incident to advantage, and is constantly on the look-out for something that may tend to his particular interest; he views every man as valuable to him, and the moment he is introduced to a stranger, makes it his whole study to consider how he may *make use* of him; he never quarrels with any one, because he says they may be wanted some day or other; and is always ready and willing, as it is vulgarly said, to hold a candle to the devil, or if a candle will not do, to hold a flambeau.

Mr. Plausible was a man of the most winning address, of a handsome figure, easy manners, a great deal of wit, and a thorough knowledge of life; but he was dissipated, extravagant, fond of play, and a courtier. Happening to pay a visit one morning to my friend Mr. Plausible, I was shown into his study; when, taking up an old masquerade ticket, I accidentally observed my own name among some memorandums on the back of it; which naturally enough excited my curiosity to read the contents: they were as follow, and pretty well express the sentiments of a man of the world:

Mem.—My Wife—keep her in the country—a bit of a scold.

Mem. My Grandmother—5 per cent. annuities—aged 87—what's the odd's for next winter?

Mem. Mr. Deputy Mushroom—gives good dinners—at five precisely.

Mem.—Jack Ready—merchant—good natured fellow—do occasionally to discount a bill, or borrow cash—call pretty often.

Mem.—Bill Greenhorn—has a cottage near town—do in summer—good cake house.

Mem.—The author of the Essays—get orders—Mrs. Plausible loves a play—amuses wife and children.

Mem.—Bob Useful—a good natured fellow—rather soft—a good errand boy.

Mem.—Mr. Broadcloth—the tailor—gives long credit—shall employ him—good bail upon an occasion.

Mem.—Peter Punster—ask him to dinner with the next party.

Mem.—Bob Chorus—sings a good song—will do when he's wanted.

Mem.—Sam Quibble—a lawyer—as little to do with him as possible

Mem.—Abram Spintext—the parson—likes good living—not much use to any body.

Mem.—Peter Gallipot—employ him as seldom as possible, and always throw away his physic.

[To be continued.]

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF SUPERSTITION.

(From Sacrafane's Voyage En Greece.)

WITHOUT doubt, my dear A——, you are persuaded that women of the tenderest sensibility are always the most superstitious. In admiring Sappho, who precipitated herself into the sea—and Celia, who swam across the Tiber, you imagine that we can never again meet with women of their character. Well, learn what a young girl of Zante has performed, who, if she had lived among the Greeks or Romans, would have been capable of yet greater things.

Helen Mataranga, aged twenty years, lately witnessed the decease of a young man of her village, whom she had loved. She was to have married him; but her parents, from interested motives, had compelled her to marry another. The night after his interment, Helen saw the phantom of her lover, standing in silence at the foot of her bed; it appeared to her on the second and third nights immediately following. She at first imagined that her lover's soul was in purgatory, and that it came to demand relief of her: in consequence of which she caused two masses to be said, distributed bread and money to the poor, and sent an offering of a fat sheep to the convent of Panagia. The spectre continued not the less its regular appearance; on the contrary, it afterwards appeared as she began to sleep. How then was she to be delivered? Superstition furnished the means, and here they are—

One night, when her husband was at a neighbouring village, she rises, takes with her a hammer and nails, goes barefooted to the burying-ground, takes the body of her lover out of the earth; and, notwithstanding the fœtid odour, and the corruption it exhales, she embraced it repeatedly, bathed it with her tears, and then drove four large nails through the feet and hands. Having thus fastened it to the earth, she returned home, passed the remainder of the night in tranquility; and from that time the spectre discontinued its visits.

What an unheard of mixture of courage, superstition, and love! Picture to yourself this young girl, in the middle of the night, terrified at the sight of a phantom; behold her leaving her home, approaching the tomb of her lover—feeling round it—recognizing it—uncovering it—suffering the almost insupportable odour—embracing it—outraging it! What agitated feelings! what chilling perspiration! How much the fear of being surprized must perturb her soul, and freeze her senses. Yet this woman, whose sensibility, in ancient times, would have been celebrated on the theatres of Greece, was on the point of being punished with the utmost severity.

(Communicated.)

FELICIA

TO HER UNFORTUNATE FRIEND.

My suffering Penitent,

I Hope you still preserve your good resolutions. The sudden death of your heart-struck parent, and your own deep affliction, all conspired to affect my mind to that degree, that till the morning after I left my poor Charlotte, sleep was a stranger to my eyes. I wept for my unhappy friend—but then comforting myself that she had an asylum where she would be treated with all that delicacy which marks the sensible and feeling mind, I became

more easy, and at last my head sunk on its pillow—while reason slept and fancy raised the following vision:—Deep in the winding path of rural retirement, methought my heedless steps had roved; the scene suited the thoughts of melancholy that wandered back to hours forever fled, and joys remembered but to swell the tear of sorrow. The Sun setting in streaks of gold, shot his departing rays through the trees that formed a leafy arch above, giving a visionary gloom as pleasing as that which meets the eye of Romantic Fancy, when the pained bosom bending under a weight of sufferings feels a short respite from unutterable anguish; while the mind, the expanded mind, rests on future elysium: when lo! a lived flame played before my dazzled sight, encircling a female form, robed in purest white. There was a nameless sweetness in the pensive shade that dispelled every fear. It waved a lily hand and gave a heavenly smile. I obeyed the sign and was imperceptibly conveyed

to a chamber of the silent dead!!

The vaulted space was enlightened by the radiance that surrounded my visionary conductress, who pointing to a coffin, yet fresh and unsullied, uttered with a voice of the sweetest melody "View the narrow house wherein lie mouldering the cold remains of an unhappy parent: the stroke of death was guided by a much loved child! behold! behold!" Here, opening her snowy robe, she displayed a bleeding bosom. "These streams," continued the lovely phantom, "have not flowed in vain; awhile my poor deluded child wandered in the deceitful paths of perdition, but a mother's broken heart has recalled her to herself. You loved my erring child—you pity her present state; oh! shelter the sorrowing sufferer from the taunts of an unfeeling world, and, assisted by the example of your piety, she will soon arrive at that heaven where myself and smiling angels wait to receive her!" A sudden start awaked me; I thought of you, and offered up my morning prayer.

I know the amiable heart of the elegantly minded Matilda: I know her fortune can protect you from distress, and that assisted by her worthy Henry, your heart will be composed. Your departed parent, resigned to that omnipotent Power, under whose afflicting hand she suffered, I am sure is happy. I may call my vision of the night a blessed one; I feel something directing my hopes for my beloved and once erring friend, that gives confidence to my prayers daily offered up for her to the throne of my God, and her God. Comfort then your soul my mourning friend, but do not withhold your tears that sometimes must fall for your honoured parent: they are a just debt to humanity, and sanctified by heaven.

THIRST FOR FAME.

PAUSANIAS, a domestic, and near attendant upon the person of Philip, king of Macedon enquired of Hermocles, which was the most expeditious way to be famous in the world on a sudden? Who answered, he must kill some eminent person, and then the glory of that man would fall upon himself; hereupon, forgetting his duty and obligations, he murdered his sovereign and master king Philip, and had what he aimed at, being as well known in succeeding ages by his horrid parricide, as Philip was by his great virtue.

Variety.

EPITAPH.

Thrown by birth into the vortex of a giddy vapour, which the vulgar call glory and grandeur, but the nullity of which is too well known to the sage; a prey to all human infirmities; tormented by the passions of others, disturbed by his own, and borne down by the loss of beloved relations, true and faithful friends, yet often, too, consoled by friendship; happy in collecting his thoughts, happier still where his services could prove useful to his country, or suffering humanity. This, a brief sketch of the life of Henry Frederick Louis, son of Frederick William I. King of Prussia, and of Sophia Dorothea, daughter of George I. King of England. Traveller! remember that perfection is not to be found on earth. If I was not the best of men, I did not belong to the number of the bad. Praise and blame cannot reach him that sleeps in eternity; but sweet hope embellishes the last hours of the man who has done his duty; nor does it forsake me at this moment!

COCK FIGHTING.

The origin of this cruel and infamous sport is said to be derived from the Athenians. When THEMISTOCLES was marching against the Persians, he, by the way, espying two cocks fighting, caused his army to halt, and made the following speech to them: "Behold, these do not fight for their household gods, for the monuments of their ancestors, nor for glory, nor for liberty, nor for the safety of their children, but only because the one will not give way to the other."

This so encouraged the Grecians that they fought strenuously, and obtained a victory over the Persians; upon which cock fighting was, by a particular law, ordained to be annually practised at Athens.

The Romans used quails as well as cocks for fighting. The first contention between the two brothers, *Bassianus* and *Geta*, sons of the emperor *Septimus*, happened, according to Herodian, in their youth, about fighting their quails and cocks.

It is probable that cock-fighting was first introduced into the island of Great-Britain by the Romans. The bird itself was there before *Cæsar's* arrival.

Fitz-Stephen, who flourished in the reign of Henry II. is the first writer who mentions *cock-fighting*, describing it as a sport of school-boys. The cockpit, it seems, was the school, and the master the comptroller and director of the sports.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1813.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

ACCOUNTS from Lisbon to the 11th of October (we should have said last week to the 1st of October) have been received at Boston. By this arrival it appears that the British gen. Bentick, deceived as to the real French force at Villa Franca, under marshal Su-

chet, ventured too near him, when his advanced guard was attacked by a very superior French force, on the 15th Sept. and obliged to retreat to Tarragona, with considerable loss and six pieces of artillery. And it is said that Suchet, with his army, had since that time left Villa Franca. It is said the French now hold but a few fortified places in Spain, and these of necessity alone were all expected to fall before the end of this year. Marshal Soult it is said had gone into winter quarters at Bayonne, and lord Wellington was employed in securing the mountain passes on the frontiers.

Tunis and Algiers it appears are at war together.

Letters from various places near the operations of our Northern Army agree in saying that the expedition against Montreal has failed, and that gen. Wilkinson's army has gone into winter quarters at or near St. Regis, and gen. Hampton's army into huts at Plattsburg, both armies (about 12,000 strong) being very much weakened by fatigue, sufferings and death.

As nothing official has been published of the operations of the army for some time back, we can only give the substance of letters as they are published. One from Ogdensburg, dated Nov. 13, says, That on the 11th inst. gen. Boyd was detached with 2000 men from gen. Wilkinson's army descending the St. Lawrence, and ordered to land and take Cornwall, a village nearly opposite Hamilton, St. Lawrence county in this state. Here a body of 2000 British troops, from Kingston and Prescott it seems had arrived, who immediately attacked gen. Boyd's division: the battle began about 12 o'clock, and was warmly contested for three hours, when our troops retreated to their boats and crossed the river: that our loss in this affair is estimated at 400 killed and wounded, 100 of whom were left on the field, and 50 dragoons and five officers were taken prisoners, with one field piece; that gen. Covington was mortally wounded; and that several boats were destroyed by the fire of the British gun boats, whose fire, and that of a masked battery in a wood, made great havoc among our men.

The British loss in this affair is variously stated, from two to three hundred. And it is said that Gen. Brown with the advance of the army, about 15 miles lower down, about the same time, had taken a small block house on the river, with a number of prisoners.

It is also said that a detachment of the British army had lately visited Ogdensburg, to look for some goods or other property on board of seven boats which had been captured by some of our dragoons the 20th inst. After burning the barracks, it is said they spared the town on condition of having the boats and goods restored.

A letter from Lower Sandusky, dated Oct. 22d says, We have lost the Chippaway and Ohio, and three open boats full of soldiers and passengers on Lake Erie, with the equipage of the 27th and 28th regiments, and eight thousand dollars in cash. Five or six others were driven ashore in the same gale.

It is said gen. Hull is exchanged, and that a general court martial will try him this winter in Albany, for having given up the Michigan Territory and the army entrusted to his command.

Last week we gave a statement of the Retaliation on prisoners going on between our government and the British government. This week we have to add, that the President has ordered 46 principal British officers into close confinement on this score.

The National Intelligencer announces a Victory obtained over the Creek Indians at one of their towns on the 3d inst. by a detachment of 900 men under the command of gen. Coffee of gen. Jackson's army. In this engagement it appears that every Indian warrior was killed. 186 were found dead, and a number of others killed in the weeds that were not found, supposed in the whole 200. Gen. Coffee says, "they met death with all its horrors without shrinking or complaining, not one of them asking to be spared." In killing the males, it is said a few women and children were unavoidably killed and wounded, which were regretted, and of these 84 were taken. Our loss is said to be but 5 killed and 41 wounded.

By the southern papers it appears that Indian murders are extending themselves along the southern frontiers of Georgia and the Mississippi. A Georgia paper says, "Scarcely had the sensation produced by the massacre of Fort Mims subsided, before we have to weep over the mangled remains of our neighbours and friends. The Indian tomahawk, so often uplifted against the citizens of Georgia, is again imbrued in their blood." Blockhouses are erecting on the frontiers for the protection of the inhabitants, while the army is to carry on offensive operations into the heart of the Indian tribes.

It is said the Secretary at War has given orders to cause every possible preparation to be made to repel an expected attack by the British on our Southern coast. Wilmington, Charleston and Savannah, are particularly to be attended to.

Gen. Harrison has issued his proclamation, dated Detroit Oct. 16, announcing an armistice between the United States and the Indian tribes called Miamies, Patawatamies, Eel River, Miannes, Weas, Ottoways, Chippeways and Wyndots, to continue until the will of the President is known: permitting them to return to their hunting grounds, to remain unmolested if they behave themselves peaceably, for which they have given hostages.

Gov. Chittenden, of Vermont, has issued his proclamation, calling home such detachments of militia of that state as was then doing duty in the service of the United States at Plattsburg, in the state of New-York; and for this purpose he dispatched Gen. Davis to execute his orders; who, it is said, after making his errand known, was arrested and taken prisoner; but is parolled home.

The schr. Washington from Philadelphia for this port, with flour, and a sloop from Weymouth with iron, were cast away and lost last week on the east bank of Long Island.

The sloop Lady Washington from Charleston to this port, has been taken off Sandy Hook by the Plantagenet, and ransomed for 6000 dollars; also, the sloop Active from this port for Savannah, has been taken by the above ship; and the sloop Juba, from this port to Savannah was taken the 20th by the pilot boat schr. Yankee of this port which was lately captured, and is now fitted out by the enemy as a Decoy.

The letter of marque brig Leopard, from Portland to Charleston, has been taken off the bar of the latter place, after a chase of 22 hours.

The anniversary Evacuation of this city by the British army, was celebrated as usual by the military, and the troops reviewed on the battery by generals Stevens and Dearborn.

Nuptial.

MARRIED,

By the Rev. Mr. Geissenhainer, Mr. John Henry Christian Borches, to Miss Catharine Watson, all of this city.

By the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hobart, Clement C. Moore, Esq. son of the Rev. Bishop Moore, to Miss Catharine Taylor, daughter of the late William Taylor, Esq.

By the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. William Patterson of this city, to Miss Mary Robb of Philadelphia.

By the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Henry Sickles, to Miss Abigail M'Carty, both of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Milledolar, Mr. John M. Lowrie, to Miss Alicia Rudd, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Elisha D. Thompson, of Berkley county, Virginia, to Miss Maria Wells of this city.

On Staten Island, the 23d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Joseph Bainbridge, Esq. of the United States navy, to Miss Charlotte Bowne, of New-Jersey.

At Sand's Point, by the Rev. Mr. Bogart, Mr. John Bartow, jun. merchant, of this city, to Miss Mary Sands, of the former place.

By the Rev. Mr. Mathews, Mr. John Brown, jun. printer, of Newburg, to Miss Eliza Case of Goshen, Orange county.

Obituary.

DIED,

Abraham S. Zuntz, son of Alexander Zuntz, an amiable and excellent young man, who suffered with unparalleled fortitude the ravages of a five years consumption; and having calmly taken leave of his afflicted parents and relatives, resigned his soul to Almighty God, aged 28 years.

Suddenly, Mr. Peter Kemble, jun. son of P. Kemble, Esq.

In this city, Mr. Mathew West, in the 68th year of his age.

At Philadelphia, on the 5th inst. general William M'Pherson, a distinguished officer of the revolution, aged 58.

The city inspector reports the death of 41 persons, in this city, from Nov. 13 to 20.

Seat of the Muses.

WRITTEN AT NIGHT.

HAIL contemplation, hail sweet soothing power,
To thee I consecrate my evening muse,
To thee, devote this lonely pensive hour,
Thy dearest blessings, O do not refuse.
This hour, alas to me, by far more dear,
Than your bright days, o'er spread with cheering
light,
More pleasing far, to virtue's sacred tear,
Than every object which can charm the sight.
Here now in safety hid from human eyes,
Let me in silent extacy adore,
And offer up my evening sacrifice,
To him who liberal down his blessings pour.
O, power supreme, from whose benignant source,
Life, joy and hope, and every comfort flow,
Direct my steps, thro' this my destin'd course,
In virtuous paths where ceaseless pleasures grow.
Teach me to feel compassionate and kind,
Nor envy others wealth, parade and show,
Preserve upright that inward peace of mind,
Which fame or fortune never can bestow.
Blest be that power that gave to man a soul,
To give relief and feel another's woe;
Ye sordid misers, who in riches roll,
Such bliss as this, ye never, never knew.

LINES BY A FATHER,

ADDRESSED TO HIS INFANT DAUGHTER,
ASLEEP.

SWEET be thy slumbers, gentle babe,
And soothing all thy little dreams,
Unruffled as that lovely face,
Where dove-like innocence all beams.

Safe beneath thy father's roof,
And pressing now thy father's bed;
With fond affection he can draw
The silken covering o'er thy head.

Loud howls the wind, but not a blast
Across thy tender frame shall sweep;
Down comes the rain, but not a drop
Shall wet my Emma in her sleep.

The sheltering thatch shall guard thee well
From each external present harm;
And may thy future steps in life
Be guarded by an heavenly arm.

Long on thy cheek may roses bloom,
If gracious heaven should so permit;
But longer still, thy gentle breast
Be every virtue's lovely seat.

PASTORAL BALLAD.

OH let me to thy cottage fly,
There shall my care and anguish cease;
The murm'ring stream which wanders nigh,
Shall soothe my troubled soul to peace:

Far from life's noisy, busy scene,
With thee I'll climb the mountain's side,
And 'mid contentment's vale serene,
Our blissful years away shall glide.

When spring's gay flow'rets round us bloom,
With joy we'll tread the verdant fields,
Where violets shed their soft perfume,
And sweetest odours nature yields;

The feather'd warblers in the grove,
Shall gently pour their little song,
And while they breathe wild notes of love,
The happy hours shall ne'er seem long.

And when the heat of summer's day
Has yielded to the eve's cool breeze,
We'll view the moon with silv'ry ray
Arise behind the waving trees;

While slowly she ascends on high,
And softly plays on Wye's clear stream,
That stream we'll hold sweet converse by,
And love shall be our pleasing theme.

When smiling Autumn o'er the land
Spreads kindly round her golden store,
The gifts of her all bounteous hand
Shall bloom beside our cottage door;

Mild happiness and sweet content,
Shall in that cottage always smile;
And pleasures, pure and innocent,
Repay us for each daily toil.

Till life's stern winter steals our prime,
Our years shall pass serenely on;
We'll ne'er regret the lapse of time,
But cheerful talk of raptures gone:

And when with wrinkles furrow'd o'er
Thy face, so much belov'd, I see,
Thy aged smiles shall please me more
Than those which young beam'd love on me.

TO THE ROSE.

SWEET rose of the valley whose beautiful glow,
Is scarcely excell'd by the blushes of morn,
Ah! why dost thou bud among brambles, and blow,
The pride of all flowers, the twin of the thorn?

And when by the blast thou art blighted for ever,
And thy blooms to the grave are untimely consign'd,
Ah! why on thy stem as piercing as ever,
As keen in its sting, is the thorn left behind?

Thus the pride in the bosom has often been known
To bud amid sorrows, and bloom amid woes;
And thorns on the stem of affection have grown,
More keen in their sting than the thorn of the rose.

Sweet emblem! 'tis so with affection betray'd—
The blossoms of love when blighted with scorn,
In the heart where they flourish, will wither and fade.
Bequeathing for ever the bosom a thorn,

Morality.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

DEAR FRIENDS,

IN this awful period of war, speculation and monopoly, when Flour is twelve dollars fifty cents a barrel, and every other necessary of life excessively high; when the poor are in want of commercial employ in our cities—and Want, and even Famine, seem to stare them in the face; how sad, uncharitable, and improper it surely is, for the legislatures of our states to permit the distillation of grain into a pernicious and intoxicating liquor, destructive to the health, peace, morals, and prosperity of individuals, and of our country; and perhaps more injurious to this nation than the bayonet and bullet! One distillery in Sussex, N. Jersey, (and there are many hundred distilleries in other parts) is said to distil *seventy* bushels of grain daily; and immense quantities of apples, potatoes, and molasses, are also thus changed from useful articles of diet into one of the worst and most pernicious articles of luxury. For this we have reason to believe God will punish us. We shall surely chastise ourselves in consequence of thus prostituting the blessings of His providence to the vilest of purposes, at this time when the chastening rod of famine appears ready to follow the scorpion lashes of war; to teach us virtue and understanding, and the fear of the Lord, who will suffer our sins to punish us with heavy judgments. The judgments of the Lord are in the earth, and we should learn righteousness, or we may expect they will be increased upon us; and to this end it will be a blessing if they should: but Woe to them whose iniquities are the cause.

This subject requires legislative attention, as well as the serious consideration of individuals. Righteousness exalteth a nation, but

sin is a reproach to any people, and to any individual.

Reader, I am thy loving friend, &c.

CIVIS.

Anecdotes.

MATRIMONY.

A husband and wife, who quarrelled rather more than man and wife usually do, which the reader will believe was bad enough, were on the eve of separation; when the good lady, affecting to fall sick, told her spouse that "she believed she should die, and to put on the best face to the world, thought she had better stay and end her days in their old house," which her good easy man, full readily assented to; and very seriously asked her, "whom she would advise him to marry when she was gone." This was too much!—"Marry the devil!" replied she in great wrath. "Marry the devil!" "No, my love," answered he,—"no, that can never be, the canons of the church prohibit it. I have married his daughter already.

Nothing is more common than for men to be blinded to their own particular failings, and to censure that vice in others to which they are most addicted themselves. The modern French are incessantly declaring against the insatiable ambition of England. A republican of this description, impressed with the most alarming ideas on the subject, recently related the following anecdote:—My lord Hervey, when in Italy, passing over a lake near the sea, dipping his finger into the water, "Oh!" he cried, "this is salt water, this belongs to us!"—"You may see," continued the terrified Frenchman, "what a nation these English must be, and that they have got it into their heads that the sea is their domain! and I am told," he gravely added, "that they have a song, indicating as much, which they sing to the tune of the Marseillois."

Misers, says the Editor of the Annual Necrology, are generally bachelors. This circumstance undoubtedly originates in a peculiar species of economy; for, possessing the faculty of retention in an eminent degree, they seem averse to the idea of even squandering away their affections!

Conjugal Love.—A person praising the affections of the widows of Malabar, who burn themselves on a funeral pile in honour of their husbands' memory; Foote observed, "that the women of England claimed a higher honour; for they frequently burned before marriage for their first husbands, and afterwards for second."

SKIN AND BONE.

A tanner having married the daughter of an eminent butcher, the bells were rung on the occasion. A gentleman asked another what the peal was for: Only an union (said he) between skin and bone."

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